



GENUINE HAPPINESS.



Great throngs in
attendance on our
GREAT COLD WAVE
SALE.

Everybody pleased and filled with wonder
at the
WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED.
They are carrying them away in loads.
YOU'LL BE PLEASED TOO
if you come and take advantage of this
GREATEST OF BARGAIN SALES
and you'll carry away just as big a
load and be just as happy as our friend
in the picture.

It's the greatest tearing down of values of
the age.
To-morrow (Wednesday) we will add a
great many
NEW AND STARTLING BARGAINS.

Notably

1 Lot of soiled odd Lace Curtains
for a mere Song.
BASSETT & CO.

—Young Crimmonbeak—"What kind of a mattress is that I sleep on?" Boarding-house Mistress—"It was bought for a hair mattress, and a good one, too." Crimmonbeak—"Well, it must be getting baldheaded."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Hicks—"We've got something new at our house—a machine to wash dishes." Wicks—"And how does it work?" Hicks—"Beautifully. It breaks on an average five dishes a day. Fast; you would hardly know it from a hired girl."—Boston Transcript.

—Too Much Like Liar—"Customer—"The person to whom I sent this gold lyre returned it without so much as a note of thanks." Jeweler—"What was his business?" Customer—"He was an editor." Jeweler—"I—I—I think your selection was peculiarly unfortunate."—Jeweler Weekly.

—No Danger—"Aunt Betsy—"Mercy makes alive! It's enough to scare a body out of ten years' growth to have all them bicycles running loose around the town; an' them pesky, little, low ones is every mile as low as the great wheels!" Charlie Coaster—"Oh, no, auntie, the safeties won't hurt you; the owners never take them out without a chain on them."—Wheelman's Gazette.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that his malarial Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. Sent bottles for sale by Buckner & Leavelle, Druggists.

Jagson says that even the most unobtrusive man begins to look around when he sits down suddenly on an icy sidewalk.—Elmira Gazette.

For scurvy in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

Brown—"How's your baby's health, Newport? Sound, eh?" Newport—"Yes, I sometimes think he's all sound."—Kate Field's Washington.

Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The remedy cannot be recommended too highly." Let anyone troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial, and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale by Buckner & Leavelle, Druggists.

THE OLD BELL RINGER.

How the Grand Chimes of St. Stephen's Are Put in Motion.

For over thirty years, Sunday after Sunday, without a single intermission, through sunshine and rain, through heat and cold, through early manhood and old age, a trusty old ringer has ascended the dark and grimy stairs of St. Stephen's and rung out the same glad peals and solemn laments with a punctuality as regular as the coming of the holy Sabbath itself.

His name is William Brown. He came to Philadelphia from the little town of Stony Stanton, Leicestershire, England, in 1853. In Stony Stanton he had belonged to one of the famous societies of "ringers" which have made England famous and given it the name of the "Ringing Isle." When he came to Philadelphia he was an accomplished ringer and he at once joined the Christ Church Society of Ringers, which had been in existence for upward of one hundred years. In 1870 this society numbered sixteen members, of whom Mr. Brown was looked upon as the most accomplished. When Mr. Brown came to this city there were but two sets of chimes as yet introduced, one in St. Peter's and the other in Christ Church. Before the consolidation of the city it was the custom for councils to allow thirty dollars each for ringing on state occasions. Therefore the compensation of the ringers was meager in the extreme, and the old bell ringer of the city was a destitute and threadbare old man, whose life was certainly not in harmony with the glad chimes they rang out on festive days and Sundays. After the consolidation of the city councils refused to pay the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars per year for sounding a peal on February 23 and July 4 of each year. In consequence of this peal ringing in this city went into disuse. William Brown is now the last of the old-fashioned bell ringers of the past.

The chimes whose sonorous tones summon the people each Sabbath to the famous sanctuary is the first one made in the United States. The tower was 2,350 pounds. The chimes is in flat seventh, which gives the privilege of playing in two keys. To the ringing of this chime, old honest, trustworthy William Brown came in 1864, being paid for his services the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, which has not been changed to this day.

In climbing the bells of St. Stephen's church no machinery is used, the work being done by hand. Let us ascend into the belfry with Mr. Brown as our guide. We mount by a little narrow staircase dimly lighted with small glazed windows. Going up we come to a ladder of small proportions leading to a small door, and entering are with the bells. All is utter darkness and we know not where we are until the windows and shutters are thrown open and a flood of light streams in. We are in the highest part of the tower, just underneath the spire. The center of the steeple is occupied by a massive frame work supporting the bells and the little space around just permits us to make the circuit. Each of the eight bells hangs on

a great wooden crosspiece pivoted into the frame and has a large wheel on the same axis so that if the wheel revolves the bell turns over.

We now descend to a little square room immediately below from which the bells are operated. Through eight small holes in the ceiling, eight ropes descend. Up against the east wall stands a stout, square frame perhaps six feet high. The top beam of the frame has eight holes corresponding to those in the ceiling. In the steeple above these ropes are attached to levers that control chime hammers attached to each bell. This is chime by machinery. All that the player need do is to stand by the frame and pull at the ropes after a fashion much like that of playing a harp.

The ringing of a bell is no easy matter for a novice and he who tries it for the first time is likely to be drawn up to the ceiling and thence cast headlong down, or to hang himself to the rope without making the bell toll once. But now Mr. Brown is about to play and he grasps a rope in each hand and the first notes of the grand old Episcopal hymn ring defiantly out, the honest, rugged face of the ringer lights up with a glow of animation and pleasure for the chiming of bells has been the study of his life and he loves it.—Philadelphia Press.

Looking Toward the Sunset.

The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like mourning and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect in an hour or so a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the fever, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will get a better robe than any in your wardrobe to keep your arm in that place.—Talmage, in Ladies Home Journal.

Unexpected News.

McCorkie—I saw Jaysmith driving with a married woman yesterday. McCorkie—Oh, that's nothing! McCorkie—But it was his own wife. McCorkie (astonished)—You don't say!—Brooklyn Life.

—The city of Washington was first called "the Federal City" by President Washington, and in the records of time until September 4, 1791, when the commissioners directed that the federal district should be called the territory of Columbia, and the Federal city of Washington.

STRENGTH OF A PYTHON.

An East Indian Serpent That Held Six Oxen in Check.

The elderly proprietor of a coast steamship line who, in his younger days, saw not a little of the rough side of a sailor's life, recently told a story which illustrates the great strength of certain large serpents of the East Indies. We had been speaking of the force of elephants, whales, lions and other large vertebrates, and estimating the power which it is possible to concentrate in muscular tissue. It was this that called out my friend's story.

The Dutch, he said, who control Sumatra, Java, and several smaller islands to the eastward of Java, have been accustomed to sell fresh cattle in favorable localities of their possessions, in order that they may, by their increase, furnish a cheap beef supply, both for the natives and for government use.

When the narrator was about eighteen years old he was supercargo on board a brig which made annual voyages into East Indian waters after sandalwood. The vessel was lying in a bay on the coast of an island to the north of Timor; and the logs, or sections of the precious wood, were drawn down to the beach from a table-land two or three miles in the interior by a Dutch proprietor who had in his service six natives and as many bullocks. These animals were driven tandem—in single file—on account of the narrowness of the trail, which led for some distance across a marsh amongst huge trees, and then ascended the rocky and craggy to the dryer plateau where the sandalwood grows. The logs were transported on a narrow boat-shaped "drag," without wheels or rollers.

The young supercargo, who was fond of hunting and adventure, often accompanied this old team in its trips from the shore to the plateau. On the way up he often rode upon the drag with the old Dutchman, who was stout and disinclined to pedestrian exercise. Upon one of these occasions, when the team had passed nearly through the swampy forest tract and was near the foot of the craggy ascent, the supercargo was amazed and startled by a singular sight. In the obscurity of the dense foliage above his head, he saw something which he could compare to nothing save a huge, animated barber's pole drop like a flash from the branches of the great trees which overhung the path, and enfold the ox next in front of the rude vehicle in which he and Myndeer Huydecooper were sitting.

It was a python of large size, superbly marked. From a large limb, ten or fifteen feet above the ox, the snake had dropped or swung down, and had thrown a fold of its supple body about the neck of the poor animal, swift as a tiger's spring.

The natives took to their heels. The ox thus fearfully beset, bellowed with affright and, plunging headlong, jerked the drag so violently that the fat Dutchman was sent rolling over its side. Hearing the alarm was communicated to the bullocks in advance. Erecting their tails, they bounded forward along the trail; and the drag, catching against a tree-trunk or some other obstruction, was detached and left behind the cattle in their mad flight.

For some distance they dragged their hapless mate after them. The python had kept its fold around the ox's neck, and was carried along with them. The screaming of the natives, the bellowing of the bullocks in advance, the hoarse shouts of the fleshy Dutchman, and the snapping of tackle, made the spectacle an exciting one. The reptile, infuriated by the rough usage it received, sagged right and left with the ten or twelve feet of its body that trailed after the ox.

Then was exhibited an example of its tremendous strength. Its tail came in contact with a tree behind the path. It threw a turn around the trunk, and instantly the fleeing bullocks were brought to a stand. In vain they leaped and surged irregularly forward. Like a stiff iron hook, the tail of the python held its turn around the tree, while its shining body was stretched taut as a ship's cable. Its fold around the ox's neck tightened till the choked animal's tongue protruded and its eyes bulged, still it held fast to ox and tree, nor could the terrified and plunging team tear it away.

The young supercargo, dashing forward, discharged his fowling piece, loaded with shot, at the reptile's body, without producing any perceptible effect. But Myndeer Huydecooper, who by this time had gathered himself up, now ran forward with more efficacious weapon. He had taken from the drag a long saw with which he used to cut logs. Raising this in both hands, he brought it down across the serpent as he would have done upon a log. The effect was instantaneous. The python's body separated in two parts, and the oxen plunged forward, leaving the sundered halves of the monster writhing in the path. The two men beat the reptile's head into quiescence with levers. It was found that this portion of its body measured nearly sixteen feet in length, while the tail was not quite ten feet long; and near the place where the saw had divided it, the snake was twenty-one inches in diameter.

Of course the frantic bullocks do not exert their strength in concert. They were too crazy with fright for that. Had they pulled together, and in a straight line, undoubtedly the serpent would have been torn from the tree or from his hold upon the bullock's neck.—Youth's Companion.

A FORBIDDEN CITY.

An Aster Town, Which Has Never Been Entered by White Man.

Mr. Juan Alvarez, who lately returned from an exploring expedition to the southwest of the States, has a public report that he has found a city which has never been entered by white man and which has evidently been in existence for hundreds of years, going back before the time of the conquest of the country by the Spaniards. It is an old Aster city and is so guarded by nature that it is an impossibility to get in if the inhabitants object. The city lies in the almost inaccessible mountains in the extreme southwestern part of the country and is so far away from civilization that few white men have ever been in the neighborhood. It was by the purest accident that Alvarez became aware of the presence of a city in the vicinity, and after he found it all of his efforts to reach it were unavailing owing to the persistent opposition of the natives. He had been traveling over the mountains in search of an outlet to the Pacific ocean and reached a elevated plateau. He crossed to the edge, from which he had a magnificent view of the western slope of the mountain. In a far distant valley he saw what he took to be houses and the aid of his glass he discovered a col-

lection of houses and at once set about reaching the place.

After days of hard climbing over the intervening mountains he came to a point which overlooked the place and saw that it was a city, regularly laid out in streets, and was peopled with a race which evidently knew something about civilization. The houses were of stone and were surrounded with yards in which were flowers and shrubs. On all sides were evidences of taste shown by the inhabitants, and it was plain that he had found a city which was not known to the outside world. A careful examination showed him that the city was in a natural amphitheater and was accessible from one point only. He saw that the only means of access was through a long and narrow defile which led into the mountains from the Pacific coast side, and he started to reach the place where he could find this entrance. He made an outline drawing of the city as it appeared to him from the distant mountain top, and this is all he has to show that there is a city in the heart of the mountains, for he was never allowed to reach the spot. From this drawing it is plain that the city has not less than four thousand inhabitants. The houses are all of stone, and are supplied with doors and windows. In the center was a large building, which was undoubtedly the temple of worship, for on its walls could be seen the sculptured designs representing the deity. It was on a mound, like the ancient townships which are found in various parts of the country, and people could be seen passing in and out of it at all hours of the day.

After ten days of arduous labor Alvarez found himself at the foot of the mountains on the western slope and set about searching for the canyon leading to the hidden city. He had so well localized the place that he had no difficulty in finding the entrance, but he was met by a band of Indians who refused to let him proceed. They offered him no violence, but insisted that he should go back. He told them that he had come over the mountains and he did not know how to get back. He was kept a prisoner for two days while a runner went into the mountains and returned with orders from some one in authority who said that Alvarez must be sent back. He was blindfolded and placed on a mule. He traveled in that condition for three days, only having the bandage removed from his eyes at night. At the middle of the fourth day he was taken from the mule and set free. He found himself on the Pacific coast in such a position that it was impossible for him to tell which way he had come. He worked his way to a town and came east by Guaymas.—Chicago Globe.

GENERAL GRANT'S DENIAL.

One Memorable and Brief Interview With the Great Leader.

It's rather an unusual statement for a newspaper man who has been in the town long enough to be counted an "old timer" to say that he never saw Gen. Grant but once. Such is the fact in my case, however, but that once I will never forget. I saw him in such a way as few people have.

It was at the black period in the great general's history, when the scandal of the Grant and Ward failure and the Marine bank collapse filled the city. The rumor that Mr. Fred Grant was more deeply implicated than he was, and that he had fled to Canada, had been started. The city editor had sent me out to verify it. This was late at night, and I had but slight hope of accomplishing my mission.

It was near midnight when I rang the bell at Gen. Grant's residence. After awhile a colored servant opened it. He only opened a little way.

No, he said, I could not see Gen. Grant under any circumstances; he had retired. Neither would he take my card or a message up. Of course I did not give up easily and tried to convey to the man how very important it was to me to see the general.

While we were talking at the door, a deep voice at the head of the stairs called out:

"What is it?"

I stepped inside and looked up. There was General Grant in his night shirt, leaning over the balustrade. I told him of the rumor concerning his son and asked what truth there was in it.

He had evidently not heard it before and a queer look came over his face as he thought for a few seconds and then said:

"Young man, it is not true. I doubt if there is money enough in the Grant family just now to take Fred to Canada."

And the white robed figure of the sturdy old hero disappeared in the gloom back of the landing.

I had got what I wanted, an authentic denial, and as subsequent events have proved, words that are unimpeachable to him. I think not. It is unfair to the boy. He should be encouraged to find employment that suits him better, so that his life labor may be a pleasure to him instead of a dreadful nightmare. Happiness is to be found only in employment that we love, the doing day by day of work that enables and makes proud, and makes every laborer, no matter how lowly his occupation, feel a kindly pride in his toil.

A boy who begins life in a struggle in which he has no heart will soon become neglectful of his duties, and once he starts on the downward road there is no telling where he will stop. Distasteful toil leads boys to seek pleasures that should be found in work to places where they might not otherwise go. Every mother wants to see her boys get on in the world, but with advancing years, mothers sometimes lose their enthusiasm, are apt to regard the world as selfish, and view promises as thin air. Their feet have been bruised upon the rough roads of experience and they have the right to be heard. It is not the mother, but the boy, who should take the responsibility of changing his occupation. Let him understand that he must fight his own battles. Let him feel and know responsibility and be wise enough to see an opportunity when it comes along.—Foster Coates, in Ladies Home Journal.

PLEASANT WORK.

A Boy Should Be Privileged to Choose Employment That is Consistent.

The question naturally arises: "Is a boy's mother justified in keeping her son employed at work that is unbecomingly to him?" I think not. It is unfair to the boy. He should be encouraged to find employment that suits him better, so that his life labor may be a pleasure to him instead of a dreadful nightmare. Happiness is to be found only in employment that we love, the doing day by day of work that enables and makes proud, and makes every laborer, no matter how lowly his occupation, feel a kindly pride in his toil. A boy who begins life in a struggle in which he has no heart will soon become neglectful of his duties, and once he starts on the downward road there is no telling where he will stop. Distasteful toil leads boys to seek pleasures that should be found in work to places where they might not otherwise go. Every mother wants to see her boys get on in the world, but with advancing years, mothers sometimes lose their enthusiasm, are apt to regard the world as selfish, and view promises as thin air. Their feet have been bruised upon the rough roads of experience and they have the right to be heard. It is not the mother, but the boy, who should take the responsibility of changing his occupation. Let him understand that he must fight his own battles. Let him feel and know responsibility and be wise enough to see an opportunity when it comes along.—Foster Coates, in Ladies Home Journal.

The Interest IN OUR "GREAT RED LETTER" SALE CONTINUES UNABATED.

Many people are buying a whole year's supply of Shoes and Clothing, while they can get them for less than cost of manufacture.

Why should a person pay a profit when he can come to this Great Sale and save it?

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.
NOS. 1 and 3 MAIN ST., GLASS CORNER.

OR FINE FITTING FOOT-WEAR, =GO TO=

THOMAS RODMAN'S
103 MAIN STREET.
**SALESMEN: J. WALLACE WARFIELD,
JOHN F. DANFORTH.**

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Hot water applied to a bruise will stay pain and prevent discoloration.

It has superseded medical "eye waters" in the treatment of inflamed and aching eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

—Orange Omelet: Put a dessert-spoonful of butter into a saucepan to melt, beat up two eggs very lightly with a fork, turn them into the saucepan and fry quickly. When cooked on one side, toss the omelet over in the pan and fry the other side. Grate the rind of half a good orange over it, spread two tablespoonfuls of marmalade on the top, turn half over, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve very hot.—Housekeeper.

—Walnut Caramels: Take two pounds of sugar, pound of walnut meats, powdered fine and one teaspoonful of cream; stew slowly until thick, add a tablespoonful of butter. Set off the fire when partly cool, form in little cakes and lay on buttered plates until cold.—Farm and Fireside.

—The tambourine offers a fine parchment surface for the family monogram or the entwined initials. Hung up with an appropriate decoration it may hold the same place in a modern home that a shield used to in an ancient palace. It is past the fashion to paint a picture of a landscape or a human figure on a tambourine.

—Orangeade: A refreshing beverage for an invalid is made by slicing two oranges without peeling them, pouring one pint of boiling water

and then allowing them to cool. Sweeten when cold and place where the beverage will get thoroughly chilled. Good in case of fever.—Detroit Free Press.

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—Baked Halibut: Take a piece of halibut weighing four pounds. Put it into the fish-kettle with the back of the fish uppermost, cover it with cold water, in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. When it begins to boil, skim carefully, and then let it just simmer till it is done. It will require nearly thirty minutes to boil it. Drain it, garnish with horseradish; egg-sauce or plain melted butter are served with it.—Household Monthly.

—Lamb or Veal Rodgers: Chop lamb or veal very fine, and mix with it chopped parsley, a little onion, pepper and salt. Make a batter with one egg, half a cup of milk, salt and flour enough to make a very thick batter. Into a pan of boiling lard, drop an iron spoonful of the batter, and in the center of that place a smaller spoonful of the minced meat. When the batter begins to brown or curl at the edges, turn them up over the meat, and roll the halibut over, long shape. When brown all over take out and keep warm.—Old Homestead.

—A fluid useful for removing stains of long standing and for whitening linen is made as follows: Dissolve one-quarter of a pound each of chloride of lime and common washing soda in three quarts of boiling water in an earthenware basin, strain and bottle for use. Put half a pint of this bleaching fluid in a basin and have some boiling suds ready in another. Dip the stains, for a few seconds only, in the bleach, then rinse them in the soapy water. Should the stains not have disappeared repeat the process. Afterwards wash the linen as usual. This bleach should be managed carefully, and linen must not be left to soak in it.

—Unreasonable. Jones—I hear that Henpeck's wife makes him watch the baby when she goes out shopping. Robinson—Abaud! What business has a baby to go out shopping?—Tessa's Gittings.

The Official Report of Gen. Hurst, Ohio Food Commissioner, shows ROYAL the purest Baking Powder.

Every other Baking Powder tested contained impurities — from 10.18 per cent. to 86.23 per cent. of their entire weight.